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TRANSCRIPT OF BROADCAST

By
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Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, has to do with a man by the name of Fletcher Bartholemew. A chunky athletic, soft-floating individual now 39 years old, who lives in Minneapolis, Minnesota. He has a semi-crew cut and a talented, pretty and very intelligent wife by the name of Cynthia, and, at the time this story took place in the summer of 1956, he had three children. They now have four. His mother and father are both living, are people of culture and modest dignity and they too live in Minneapolis. Fletcher Bartholemew worked his way through MIT, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the most exacting, difficult institutions of learning in the world, and he was on the dean's list for six semesters out of a possible seven. There was no dean's list the first semester, of course. He spent two and a half years as a test pilot for the air force, came out with an excellent record. He is a meteorologist by profession and held jobs in the Far East and in South America. As of 1954, he was employed in the big meteorological section of General Mills in Minneapolis.

When the Free Europe committee decided to set up its balloon propaganda program across the iron curtain, General Mills loaned Bartholemew to the so-called Free Europe press in Munich, which was operating the balloon program, as a technical adviser. It was necessary to have a staff of technicians who could compute wind drifts and directions at various altitudes, so as to have some reasonable idea where the propaganda balloons were going and how to trigger the mechanism that would release the propaganda leaflets at the proper time over the target areas of population. I might add that this was done by the use of dry ice, which slowly evaporated--the speed of evaporation depending on the air temperature, which was variable between different altitudes, thus making these computations a more or less complicated but very important job.

So Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Bartholemew and their three young children landed in Munich, Germany, in early 1955, to become part of the Radio Free Europe community there. With him, in the Department of Meteorology was one J. Richard Smith, also on loan from General Mills and now the head of Raven Industries Incorporated, New Falls, South Dakota, manufacturing plastic specialties, and I might add a very smart and up-and-coming young man.

Above the two of them, as head of the over-all (garble), was Howard F. Weaver and above Weaver in New York, as head of the entire Free Europe press, was Samuel S. Walker, Jr., grandson of the National City Bank millions. Weaver and Walker are both in their very early thirties and were friends at Yale. The general head of all Free Europe operations in Munich was a man by the name of Richard Condon, who directed the Radio Free Europe and the Free Europe press operations alike.

Fletcher Bartholemew was in Munich in this balloon project job for about 23 months, all told. The work was very exacting, the hours even more so, and he was somewhat disappointed, as was Dick Smith, J. Richard Smith, in the fact that there was no element of ideology involved, no contact with policy-making or the planning of the propaganda. And at the end of a year and eight months, Fletcher Bartholemew decided to give Free Europe two and half month's notice and get ready to go back home to Minneapolis.

By way of completing the general picture for you, the stage setting, I might add that there was a considerable colony of Americans on the scene there in Munich. There was a pleasant social relationship among the various families. They baby-sat for each other and dined together, and it was pretty much what you would expect of an American colony of young people doing a job in a foreign country. Munich is a beautiful life-loving, stimulating city anyway.

Fletcher Bartholemew made his plans to leave for home on Tuesday the 31st of July. Now remember that date, please, if you will, because it becomes all important--Tuesday the 31st of July. And he had passage booked for himself aboard the Italian line from Genoa about 10 days later. He and Mrs. Bartholemew planned to leave Munich by car, first thing Tuesday morning, and to take a leisurely motor trip with their three children down through the Bavarian Alps and the Swiss Alps, reaching Genoa in time to catch the ship back home.

About two weeks before that final departure date of Tuesday, the 31st of July, Fletcher Bartholemew sat himself down and gathered together a lot of notes and a lot of ideas that he had collected over the period of his stay in Munich concerning some of the people in the organization, some of the things that had happened, and some of the things he thought called for correction. He put these together in a final sort of memorandum in which he also expressed the suspicion, together with some of his reasons, that some of the people in the organization in Munich were homosexuals. He showed the memorandum to Dick Smith, his closest

friend, with whom he had discussed these matters from time to time. The two families spent a great deal of time together. The Smith's had four children about the same age as the Bartholemew children. Fletcher Bartholemew was an excellent tennis player and Dick Smith sometimes was his partner in doubles matches.

Fletcher Bartholemew made three copies of the memorandum, the first of which he took personally to the United States consul general in Munich, a man by the name of Edward Page, Jr.,--who incidently is still there according to the latest available State Department information.

A second copy he sent to a friend in New York, to be delivered to the then president of the Free Europe committee, a man named Whitney Sheppardson--who incidently was replaced three months after this incident took place by the present president, Willis B. Frithburger, retired lieutenant general and close friend of President Eisenhower.

The third copy Bartholemew sent to a friend in Washington, D. C., to be delivered to the Central Intelligence Agency, the CIA, headed by Mr. Allen Dulles. Incidently, I have the names and identities of these other individuals, but there's no reason to clutter this report and confuse your mind because they are of no importance in the scheme of things. This, then, was about the 15th of July, or possibly a day or so earlier. Two weeks before the Bartholemew family and his wife were to leave for Genoa to catch the ship back home.

About a week immediately prior to the scheduled departure, the fellow class members of the Free Europe operation in Munich gave a big gala going-away party for the Bartholemew with all the bon voyage trimmings and the Bartholemews in turn gave another party with champaigne punch, no less. These get to be very important events in American colonies overseas. When someone is about to leave for home, there is nostalgic stimulation, slight thoughts of wistful envy perhaps, and these parties were no exception except that they were particularly grand parties and everyone enjoyed themselves.

On the morning of Saturday, July the 28th, the Saturday immediately before the departure Tuesday, Father Peter F. Rush of the Army Chaplain Corps, with the rank of colonel, came by the Bartholemew home and invited Fletcher Bartholemew out to lunch with him.

As of this stage of the game, the Bartholemew belongings had been packed up and crated for shipment back to the states, and Mrs. Bartholemew had taken the children to the home of a friend to spend the day. She and her husband had an appointment at 4:00 P. M. that afternoon for an early dinner with the children included with some other friends.

Father Rush and Fletcher Bartholemew had lunch together and, in the course of the luncheon, Father Rush suggested that Bartholemew go by the Army General Hospital with him for a talk with some of the doctors. And Bartholemew said he would be glad to do so. At the hospital, Mr. Bartholemew says he was introduced to a Captain Alfred Cam, and Father Rush identified Captain Cam as a psychiatrist. They sat down in an office, the three of them, and Captain Cam began asking questions and filling out a printed form. Mr. Bartholemew said after a few minutes of this he began to realize that all the questions pertained to him personally, and he demanded to know that was going on. At this point, let me quote Mr. Bartholemew's own words: "Captain Cam said he thought I should stay at the hospital a few days, and I said that I would be glad to cooperate in the case in any way possible. But that if I were to stay at the hospital, it would have to be under force." Captain Cam replied that, "that is the way it will have to be."

From one of the numerous sources that I have contacted in the course of tracking down this story, I was informed that at this point Captain Cam wrote the word "violent" across the form he was filling out. Mr. Bartholemew, however, said that he cannot, of his own knowledge, confirm that fact because he was not paying particular attention and probably could not have seen it anyway from where he was. In any event, Father Rush and Captain Cam took Fletcher Bartholemew to the hospital registration desk, where they registered him in, and from there to the elevator, where he was escorted to a room in the mental ward of the hospital, where he was to stay. The room had bars on the windows; he was required to keep his door open at all times. There was a guard posted outside the door at all times. His clothes were taken away from him, so were all his possessions, including a set of shoe plates, even, that he had in his shoes for the correction of some foot trouble. Attendants appeared with some drugs which they insisted that he take at intervals of a few hours and at this stage the drugs were in capsule form.

In the meantime, Mrs. Bartholemew was at home in considerable of a panic, with more panic to come. Late in the afternoon, Father Rush came by again--this time to tell her that the husband whom she had seen last about noon in perfectly

normal condition had been committed as a mental patient at the Army General Hospital. From this point, we will pick up again tomorrow night and give you the story of what happened to Fletcher Bartholemew from there on, and what you've heard thus far only scratches the surface.